Reade was trying to pacify it, the piggies escaped i Unfortunately, they didn't all go in the same direction, and poor dear Charles Reade had a"divided duty." There was the goat, too, in a nasty mood. Oh, his serious face, as he decided to leave the goat and run for the pigs, with his loose trousers, each one a yard wide at least, flapping in the wind !

" That's a relief, at any rate," said Charles Kelly, who was watching the flight of the pigs. " I sha'nt have those d----d pigs to spoil my acting as well as the d------d dog and the d--dgoat!"

How we all laughed when Charles Reade returned from the pig-hunt to rehearsal with the brief direction to the stage manager that the pigs would be " cut out."

The reason for the real wall was made more evident when the real goat was tied up to it. A painted wall would never have stood such a strain,

On the first night, the real dog bit Kelly's real ankles, and in real anger he kicked the real animal by a real mistake into the orchestra's real drum.

So much for realism as practised by Charles Reade! There was still something to remind him of the experiment in Rachael, the circus goat. Rachael—he was no she, but what of that ?—was given the free run of the garden of Readers house at Knightsbridge. He had everything that any normal goat could desire—a rustic stable, a green lawn, the best of food. Yet Rachael pined and grew thinner and thinner. One night when we were all sitting at dinner, with the French windows open on to the lawn because it was a hot night, Rachael came prancing into the room,

looking happy, lively, and quite at home. All the time, while Charles Reade had been fashing himself to provide every sort of rural joy for his goat, the ungrateful beast had beea longing for the naphtha lights of the circus, for lively conversation and the applause of the crowd.